Here in a simple home-made mixture as given by an eminent authority on Kidney diseases, who makes the statement in a New York daily newspaper, that it will relieve almost any case of Kidney trouble if taken before the stage of Bright's disease. He states that such symptoms as lame back, pain in the side, frequent desire to urinate, especially at night; painful and discolored urination, are readily overcome. Here is the recipe; try it;

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Take a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime.

A well-known physician is authority that these ingredients are all harmless and easily mixed at home by shaking well in a bottle. This mixture has a peculiar healing and soothing effect upon the entire Kidney and Urinary structure, and often overcomes the worst forms of Rheumatism in just a little while. This mixture is said to remove all blood disorders and cure the Rheumatism by forcing the Kidneys to fiter and strain from the blood and system all uric acid and foul, decomposed waste matter, which cause the afflictions. Try it if you aren't weil. Save the prescription,

Telegraph wires will last for forty years near the seashore. In the manufacturing district the same wires last only ken years and even less.

BABY IN TERRIBLE STATE.

Awful Humor Enting Away Face-Body a Mass of Sores-Cuticura

Cures in Two Weeks. "My little daughter broke out all over her body with a humor, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors, but she continued to grow worse, Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away. Her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a new-born babe's. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars, instead of seventy-five cents. Mrs. George J. Steese, 701 Coburn St., Akron, O., Aug. 30, 1905."

TRIO OF HISTORIC HOUSES.

Where Hawthorne Wrote Many of His Books at Concord, Mass. plete without visiting the Wayside, which has attained its fame as the former home of Nathaniel Hawthorne,

says the Boston Globe. This estate was once owned by A Brouson Alcott, who purchased it in 1845. He rebuilt the old place and called it Hillside.

A few years later, in 1852, when it passed into the hands of Hawthorne, the latter changed the name to Way-

The house is on Lexington road, and on each side is a house of historical interest. To the west is the Orchard house, the home of the Alcotts, and at the east is Grapevine cottage, the former home of Ephriam W. Bull, the originator of the Concord grape. All these estates are the property of Mrs.

Daniel Lothrop. After Hawthorne purchased the house he made several changes in it, and among them was the addition of the tower, as he called it. It was a square structure, over the center of the house In this house and in the tower Hawthorne wrote a great many of his

He made his home there until his death in 1864.

For several years a young weman's boarding school occupied the Wayside. In 1879 the property passed into the hands of Hawthorne's son-in-law, George Parsons Tathrop, who sold it in 1883 to the late Daniel Lothrop.

Mrs. Lothrop generally makes this her summer residence, but this summer she and her daughter, Miss Margaret Lothrop, are abroad and the house was closed.

TAKE THEM OUT

or Feed Them Food They Can Study

When a student begins to break down from lack of the right kind of food, there are only two things to do; either take him out of school or feed him properly on food that will rebuild the brain and nerve cells. That food is Grape-Nuts.

A boy writes from Jamestown, N. Y., saying: "A short time ago I got into a bad condition from overstudy, but Mother having heard about Grape-Nuts food began to feed me on it. It satisfled my hunger better than any other food, and the results were marvelous. I got fleshy like a good fellow. My isual morning headaches disappeared, and I found I could study for a long

period without feeling the effects of it. "My face was pale and thin, but is now round and has considerable color. After I had been using Grape-Nuts for about two months I felt like a new boy altogether. I have gained greatly in strength as well as flesh, and it is a easure to study now that I am not bothered with my head. I passed all of my examinations with a reasonably good percentage, extra good in some of them, and it is Grape-Nuts that has saved me from a year's Celay in enter-

ing college. "Father and mother have both been mproved by the use of Grape-Nuts. r was troubled with sleepless lights, and got very thin, and looked eareworn. She has gained her normal strength and looks, and sleeps nights." "There's a Reason." The Road to Wellville," in page.



Disregarding all but the fact that his

present hour, persecution and distress

had followed their wandering steps. Ap-

proaching the bedside, Harvey leaned his

passions. His dress was of the meanest

as to give him the appearance of studied

ened, and his sunken, lowering eye avoid-

ed the bold, forward look of innocence,

This man was a well-known leader of one

of those gangs of maranders who infest-

ed the county with a semblance of pat

riotism, and who were guilty of every

grade of offense, from simple theft up to

nurder. Behind him stood several other

figures clad in a similar manner, but

whose countenances expressed nothing

more than the indifference of brutal in-

sensibility. They were all well armed

Harvey knew resistance to be in vain. In

the twinkling of an eye both he and

Cosar were stripped of their decent gar-

ments, and made to exchange clothes with

two of the filthiest of the band. They

were then placed in separate corners of

now in the agonies of death; let me go to

him, receive his blessing, and close his

"Answer me as I put the question, or

Birch told, and a man was dispatched

"Ay," cried the leader, "there must by

gold somewhere. Give us your gold, Mr

Birch; we know you have it; you will

"You break your faith." said Harvey

"Give us your gold," exclaimed the oth-

er, furiously, pricking the peddler with

his bayonet until the blood followed his

pushes in streams. At this instant a

slight movement was heard in the adjoin

ng room, and Harvey cried, imploringly

"Let me-let me go to my father, and

"I swear you shall go then," said the

"Here, take the trash," cried Birch, as

he threw aside the purse, which he had

contrived to conceal notwithstanding the

change in his garments. "Father! bush-

father! I come-I come;" he darted by

his keeper, and was the next moment

pinned to the wall by a bayonet. Fortu-

nately his quick motion had caused him to

t was by his clothes only that he was

"No, Mr. Birch," said the Skinner, "we

know you too well for a slippery rascal,

o trust you out of sight-your gold, your

"Remove the stone underneath the wom

an," cried the peddler, eagerly, and you

will find that which will make you rich.

"And then you will be despisable," said

without goods and without money is sure

"There will be enough left to pay for

his halter," cried the Skinner, who was

not slow to follow the instructions of

Harvey, soon lighting upon a store of

English guineas. The money was quickly

Delighted with a prize that greatly ex

reeded their expectations, the band pre-

pared to depart, intending to take the

peddler with them, in order to give bim

up to the American troops above, and

to claim the reward offered for his ap-

prehension. Everything was ready, when

a form appeared in their midst which ap-

palled the stoutest hearts among them.

The father had arisen from his bed, and

he tottered forth at the cries of his son.

Around his body was thrown the sheet of

the bed, and his fixed eye and haggard

face gave him the appeareance of a being

from another world. Even Katy and

Ceasar thought it was the spirit of the

elder Birch, and they fled the house, fol-

lowed by the alarmed Skinners, in a body.

sick man strength, soon vanished, and

the peddler, lifting him in his arms, re-

conveyed him to his bed. The glazed eye

of the father was fixed upon the son.

Harvey bent down, and, with the part-

ing breath of his parent, received his

dying benediction. A life of privation

and wrongs embittered most of the future

hours of the peddler. But under no suf

ferings, in no misfortunes, the subject of poverty and obloquy, the remembrance

of that blessing never left him; it con-

stanfly gleamed over the images of the

past, shedding a holy radiance around

cheered the prospect of the future with

the prayers of a pious spirit; it brought the awest assurance of having faithfully

his saddest hours of despondency;

The excitement, which had given the

ou will never see your father."

and me a beggar."

to be despisable."

transferred to a bag.

Where is your hoard? Without it

throwing the bundle on the floor, swear

ing it was as light as feathers.

not take continental, not you.'

you shall have all."

Skinner.

eyes, and you shall have all-all, all."

"Father, do you know me?"

CHAPTER VIII. The party under Captain Lawton had fother still lived, the peddler stole gently

watched the retiring foe at his boats into the roam of his dying parent. The with the most unremitting vigilance, with- tie which bound the father and son was out finding any fit opening for a charge. of no ordinary kind. In the wide world "he experienced successor of Colonel they were all to each other. At one blow Wellmere knew too well the power of his competence and kindred had been swept enemy to leave the uneven surface of the from them, and from that day to the heights, until compelled to descend to the level of the water. A small schooner, which had been their convoy from the city, lay with her guns bearing on the place of embarkation. Against this combination of force and discipline, Lawton ear of the sick: had sufficient prudence to see it would be folly to contend, and the English were suffered to embark without molestation. The dragoons reluctantly commenced their own retreat back to the main body of the

Harvey Birch prudently kept his position on the rock, where he had been seen for a few minutes new vigor seemed imby the passing glance of Henry Wharton, parted to his frame. He spoke, but slowuntil evening. From this height he had ly, and with difficulty. seen all the events of the day as they occurred. He had watched the departure of the troops under Dunwoodie, and with | if I threw the cup of salvation from my difficulty had curbed his impatience until lips when a youth, he graciously offers it the obscurity of night should render his to me in mine age. He has chastised to moving free from danger. He had not, purify, and I go to join the spirits of our however, completed a fourth of his way to lost family. In a little while, my child, his own residence when his quick ear dis- you will be alone. I know you too well tinguished the tread of approaching horse. By crouching and moving quickly, he through life. The bruised reed may enhoped yet to escape unseen. Captain dure, but it will never rise. You have Lawton was too much engrossed to suffer that within you, Harvey, that will guide his eyes to indulge in their usual wandering; and the peddler, perceiving by the for the duties of life are never to be negvoices that the enemy he most feared had | lected-and"-A noise in the adjoining passed, stood erect, in order to make room interrupted the dying man, and the greater progress. The moment his body impatient peddler hastened to learn the arose above the shadow of the ground it was seen and a chase commenced. The The first glance of his eye on the figure peddler betook himself to flight.

The confusion of the chase had been well his errand, and the fate that probably heard by the whole of the men, though awaited himself. The intruder was a man none distinctly understood the order of still young in years, but his lineaments Lawton but those who followed. The re- bespoke a mind long agitated by evil mainder were lost in doubt as to the duty that was required of them, and were materials, and so ragged and unseemly making eager inquiries when a man crossed the road at a single bound. At the poverty. His hair was prematurely whitsame instant the stentorian voice of Lawton rang through the valley, shouting: "Harvey Birch-take him, dead or

Fifty pistols lighted the scene, and the bullets whistled in every direction round the head of the devoted peddler. A feeling of despair seized his heart, and in the bitterness of that moment he exclaimed:

"Hunted like a beast of the forest!" He felt life and its accompaniments to be a burden and was about to yield himself to his enemies. Nature, however, prevailed. If taken, there was great reason to apprehend that most probably the morning sun would witness his ignominious execution. He again fled. A fragment of a wall crossed his path. He hardly had time to throw his exhausted limbs over this barrier before twenty of muskets, required faithfully to answer his enemies reached its opposite side, such interrogatories as were put to them. Their horses refused to take the leap in the dark. The heart of the peddler now question to the peddler. Captain Lawton again rang in his ears, shouting to his men to make room. The fearless trooper rode at the wail at the top of his horse's speed, and flew over the obstacle in safety. The triumphant hurrahs of the men, and the thundering tread of the horse, too plainly assured the peddler of the emergency of his danger. He was nearly exhausted, and his fate no longer seemed doubtful.

"Stop, or die!" was uttered above his head, and in fearful proximity to his

Harvey stole a glance over his shoulded and saw within a bound of him the mar he most dreaded. By the light of the stars he beheld the uplifted arm and the threatening sabre. Fear, exhaustion and despair seized his heart, and the intended victim fell at the feet of the dragoon. The horse of Lawton struck the prostrate peddler, and both steed and rider came violently to earth.

As quick as thought, Birch was on his feet again, with the sword of the discomfited dragoon in his hand. Vengeance seems but too natural to human passions. All the wrong of the peddler shone on his brain with a dazzling brightness. For a noment the demon within him prevailed, and Birch brandished the powerful wea pon in the air; in the next, it fell harm-less on the reviving but helpless troopes The peddler vanished up the side of the

"Help Captain Lawton, there!" cried Cornet Mason, as he rode up, followed by a dozen of his men, "and some of you nount with me and search these rocks the villain lies here concealed."

"Hold!" roared the discomfited captain, raising himself with difficulty to his feet; "If one of you dismount, he dies. Tom my good fellow, you will help me to strad-dle Roanoke again."

The astonished subaltern complied in silence, while the wondering dragoons remained as fixed in their saddles as if they composed part of the animals they

"Captain Lawton," said the orderly of his troops, "we are now passing the house of the peddler spy; is it your pleasure that we burn it?"

"No!" roared the captain, in a voice that startled the disappointed sergeant; "are you an incendiary? Would you burn a bouse in cold blood? Let but a spark approach, and the hand that carries i will never light another."

"Zounds!" mutterd the cornet. "there is life in the captain, notwithstanding his tumble."

The house of Birch had been watched at different times by the Americans, with a view to his arrest, but never with suc-The father of Harvey had been greatly molested in consequence of the suspicious character of the son. But, notwithstanding the most minute scruting into the conduct of the old man, no fac could be substantiated against him to his lajury. Age and sorrow were now about to spare him further molestation, for the lamp of life had been drained of its oil The confusion of the day helped to hasten the event he would fain arrest for a little while. As night set in, his illness increased to such a degree that the dismayed housekeeper sent a truant boy, who had shut up himself with them during the combat, to the Locusts, in quest of companion to cheer her solitude. Casar alone, could be spared, and, loaded with entables and cordials by the kind-hearted Miss Peyton, the black had been dispatched on this duty. The dying man was past the use of medicines, and his chief anxiety seemed to center in a meeting with his child.

"Is he alive?" asked Birch, tremulous ly, as he entered the house, and seemingly afraid to receive the answer.

anid Katy, rising hastily, "he set live till day, or till the tide is down."

and truly discharged the sacred offices of filial love.

CHAPTER IX.

The weather, which had been mild and clear since the storm, now changed with the suddenness of an American climate. Toward evening the cold blasts poured down from the mountains, and flurries of snow plainly indicated that the month of November had arrived. Frances had stood at the window of her own apartment, watching the slow progress of the Birch funeral procession, with a mediancholy that was too deep to be excited by spectacle. There was something in the sad office that was in unison with her feelings. A few of the southern dragoons, who were patrolling the passes which led to the encampment of the corps, could be distinguished at a distance on the heights, bending to their pommels as they faced the keen air. Frances witnessed the disappearance

of the wooden tenement of the decceased,

as it was slowly lowered from the light of body forward, and, in a voice nearly chokday; and the sight added to the chilling weariness of the view. Captain Singleton was sleeping under the care of his own man, while his sister had been per-The parent slowly opened his eyes, and sunded to take possession of her own smile of satisfaction passed over his room, for the purpose of obtaining the repallid features, leaving behind it the impose of which her last night's journeying pression of death, more awful by the conhad robbed her. The apartment of Miss trast. The peddler applied a restorative Singleton communicated with the room to the parched lips of the sick man, and occupied by the sisters, through a private door, and the surprised girl saw her whom she had thought to be sleeping, not only awake, but employed in a manner "My son," said the father, in a hollow that banished all probability of present voice, "God is as merciful as he is just; repose. The black tresses were loosened. and fell in profusion over her shoulders and bosom, imparting a slight degree of wildness to her countenance; the chilling white of her complexion was strongly contrasted with eyes of the deepest black, that were fixed in rooted attention on a not to foresee you will be a pilgrim picture she held in her hand. Frances hardly breathed, as she was enabled to see that it was the figure of a man in the well-known dress of the Southern horse; you aright; persevere, as you have begun, but she instinctively laid her hand on her heart to quell its throbbings, as she thought she recognized the lineaments. Frances felt she was improperly prying into the sacred privacy of another; but cause, followed by Katy and the black. her emotions were too powerful to permit her to speak. Isabella was too much in the doorway told the trader but too engrossed by her own feelings to discover the trembling figure of the witness to her actions, and she pressed the inanimate image to her lips with enthusiasm.

The fury of the wind whistled round the angles of the building, and she rose and moved to a window. Her figure was now hid from the view of Frances, who was about to rise and approach her guest, when tones of a thrilling melody chained in breathless silence to the spot. (To be continued.)

UNCORRUPTED YET BY TIPS.

Norway and Sweden Have Not Been Overrun with Foreign Visitors.

It is only in recent years that American tourists have begun to enjoy the charms of the Scandinavian countries, which for generations have been the playground where the British enjoyed their holidays. Although the numberless streams of Norway are fairly crowded with trout, a chance visitor the room, and, under the muzzles of the can scarcely find a place to throw a line, as brooks, rivers and lakes are "Where is your pack?" was the first leased by English sportsmen. These Scandinavian peoples are a salubrious "Hear me," said Birch, trembling with change from the rest of those of conegitation; "in the next room is my father, tinental Europe, not yet corrupted, perhaps, by an annual horde of sightseers. At present railroad, boat, carriage and hotel rates in Scandinavia are fair, and American spendthrifts this musket shall send you to keep the have not yet raised the prices of naold driveller company; where is your tive manufactures. Instances are actually known where a tip has been ren quest of the booty; he soon returned, fused!

Norway is in reality a great volcanic mountain range, and along its precipitous sides, which border on the deep and narrow flords that form the only communication with the outside world. cling little patches of ground. There is not enough soil to raise anything but hay and potatoes and a few garden

vegetables. Three thousand years before the Christian era, and probably centuries earlier, a powerful race of people inhabited these Scandinavian countries. The collections from the stone age in the museums of Copenhagen and Stockholm are the most complete in the world. Those from the bronze age indicate a high degree of culture nearly

2,000 years before Christ. These collections show also the immense wealth and the marvelous workmanship which existed here a thousand escape the thrust aimed at his life, and years ago. The museums themsalves were founded and the magnificent castles and palaces, built long before America was discovered, and libraries were in existence then, containing hundreds of thousands of rare books and manuscripts. Fifteen years before Columbus discovered America the University of Upsala was founded. In 1620, the year the pilgrims started for America, grammar schools were established in Sweden. There were circulating lithe housekeeper, bitterly. "A peddler braries throughout Sweden long before they existed in the United States --Stockholm Letter in New York Sun.

Before and After Marriage. A young man and woman who were betrothed were making their way upstairs in an apartment house, according to a story Colonel Louis E. Pitts, of Missouri, is fond of telling. On reaching the first floor the ankle of the young woman turned and she sort of

stumbled. "Be careful, sweetheart, be careful," quickly cried her companion, apprehen sively

Somehow, after climbing another flight, the girl once again accidentally tripped. "You didn't hurt yourself, did you, dearie?" asked her escort, a touch of

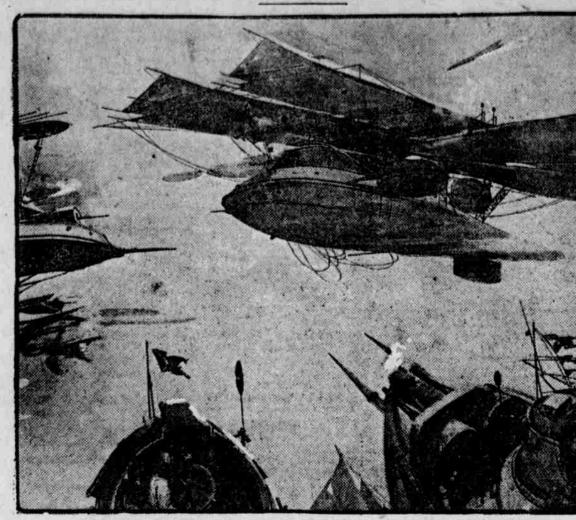
nervousness in his voice. Strange as it may seem, on arriving at the floor above the young woman's ankle proved treacherous, or her beel must have caught something or other, for she again tripped. "My! Oo must look out, darling or

my little baby girl will hurt herself," rooed the young fellow lovingly, a shade of fear in his kindly warning, as he quickly slipped his arm protectingly about his flaucee's waist. They were married. And same months afterward, as the young cou-

ple were returning homeward, the an-

kle or the bride turned and she tripped up slightly. "What's the matter with you?" snapped out the husband scowlingly, "Can" you stand up?"-Exchange.

THREE WORLD POWERS HAVE SKY NAVIES.



"WILL THE TRAFALGAR OF THE FUTURE BE FOUGHT IN THE AIR?"

knew he would succeed. His was a

strange philosophy; he pitled his child

on account of the stigma cast on her

name by her mother, but somehow felt

as if it was all his fault and he wanted

Summers was at his desk one night

He moved briskly to the front of the

store and saw the figure of a woman at

the counter. She was poorly and thin-

ly clad and the cold blast that clung

Summers gazed at the poor creature

showcase announced a customer.

Three of the world's greatest fighting powers-England, Germany and France-now have successful dirigible balloons for use in war times. England's military balloon has just been successfully tested and put into commission It made a semi-circle of two miles around Farnborough and Cove common without difficulty, with the of the future be fought in the air?"

wind at fifteen miles an hour, and was as easily steered as a skiff in water. The success of these three great European powers in this direction, coupled with experiments by the United States government with the aeroplane, gives rise to the startling question, "Will the Trafalgar

LIFE'S MUSIC.

There never has been such music since ever the world began, No melody like it has echoed in the listening ear of man.

to make it up to her in some way. As soft as the bells of the fairies, as blithe as the song of the birdafter the clerk had gone home, and the The laughter, the infinite laughter, on lips druggist and his little daughter were of the childehart heard! alone, when the tap of a coin on the Oh, if we could echo that laughter, if

could catch it again, old sweet note of the golden throat, the lilt of its glad refrain! Life would be music forever if one could

In the golden day of the fairy way, carelessly free and wild! -Baltimore Sun.

laugh like a child,

······ Return of the Prodigal

Gilbert Summers was prosperous as far as worldly goods goes; he owned a drug store with all modern improvements; a snug little balance in the bank, with more added to it each week and the people of the village called him well-to-do. His most valued possession was his

little "Sunbeam," his 7-year-old daughter, who was the only child, and although the world called him cynical and morose, the child was able to call forth the best there was in him.

The world also called him queer When his wife ran away Summers

to her frayed shawl chilled Summers to the bone. He noticed her ragged dress, conted with snow that was rapidly melting. She did not look up at him when she spoke. "I want a dime's worth of carbolic the shawl about her face.

"Gilbert!" she exclaimed. Her tone the pleading note in her voice failed 10,000 cubic feet of gas have been measto touch him, All the old bitterness ured. was aroused anew and at the sight of her face Summers steeled his heart

resolutely. No one would have suspected that in his breast. His face hardened, and

to all appearances he became cold and At that moment little "Sunbeam"

ventured out from behind the prescription case, and as she caught sight of the pitiful figure standing there with the tired, hunted look in her eyes, the child ran forward with a shout of joy and threw herself in her mother's arms. The woman sank to her knees and with heart-broken sobs rained kisses on the child's up-turned face "Mamma's back home, papa," cried

the child, gleefully. The woman looked up appealingly. The man's eyes softened and he put his hand tenderly on his wife's head. "Yes," he said slowly: "Mamma's

back home."-Chicago Journal.

IRELAND'S FAIR.

Exhibition at Dublin Marks a New Epoch in the Green Isle's History. In Herbert Park, not far from the neart of Dublin city and partly on the site of Donnybrook fair of unsavory memory, stand the white buildings of the Irish International exhibition, says Everybody's. The difference between these noble palaces and the rickety booths of Donnybrook is symbolic of the difference between the old Ireland and the new; of the deeply significant renascence and awaking of the nation. Ireland's fair might well be called her birthday celebration. Donnybrook fair used to be the trading place for all the peasants and small farmers and petty shopkeepers of the country who could ride or walk to the spot, for this was their great social center. In the retrospect Donnybrook may seem pictursque, as showing the Irish joy in living, the bravery and song. But actually Donnybrook showed the bitter effect of a cruel land system forced on Ireland by a people who could never un-

derstand her. But the old Ireland is dead and there is a new Ireland, becoming more and more unified and coherent through a variety of causes, chief of which are the new land system and the recent industrial development. Now the peasant may himself be a small landholder. He lives, or may live, in a decent house, His younger sons, through the new technical education offered by the government, may be fitted for skilled labor. His wife and daughters may supple ment his earnings by their work in home industries. And all that Ireland is and all that she will become are vividly suggested by the exhibition,

"He always insists on kissing me good-night when he goes." "He never goes until after dark, does he?"-Houston Post.

Lots of men and things seem easy tih you try to do them.

HOW TO READ A GAS METER. Here Is the Way to Keep Tab on the Amount Used.

Few of the thousands who pay gas bills every month know how to read the meter and fewer still know how to regulate it so the bills will not be exces-

You keep tab on the bills of your iceman, your grocer and butcher; why not on the gas company? Reading the gas meter is a simple matter when once understood. If you will look at your meter you will see that there are four disks or faces on the front. The top one is for the gas company to test and ascertain if there is a leakage, so you need pay no attention to it. The three dlals in a row underneath show the amount of gas used and the little points

acid," she said, in a low tone, pulling on these faces tell the story. Each dial is numbered from one to ten. The dial on the right measures with a pitying glance. He was not sen- gas by hundreds of feet. The middle timental, but the dejected droop of her dial measures it by thousands of feet, shoulders appealed to his sympathies. and the left-hand dial measures it by What do you want with it?" as asked. | ten thousands of feet. In other words Something in his voice made the every time a hundred feet of gas is woman look up at his quickly. As she used the hand on the right dial moves raised her head the shawl fell from one number. Every time the hand on her face and they looked at each other this dial goes completely around the squarely. The recognition was mutu- pointer on the middle dial registers' 1,000, and when the pointer on the middie dial has made a complete revolution. bespoke the anguish in her heart, but the indicator on the left dial shows that

> No matter how far past a figure the dial may be that figure is taken until the next figure is actually passed.

Take this illustration: The left-hand torrent of emotions had been awakened pointer is at five. Each division on this



dial being 10,000 feet, this makes 50,4

division of this middle dial registers 1,000 feet, so the reading here is 2,000. The pointer on the right-hand dial is just beyond nine, but we read it at nine, and as this is the dial that registers by 100 feet, we have 900. Adding 50,000 and 2,000 and 900, we get the to-

The middle pointer is at two. Each.

tal reading 52,000 feet. But cries some one: "I keven't used 52,900 feet of gas in one month." De not make the mistake of thinking so. Take the last reading of your dial-you will find it on your gas bill-and subtract it from the present reading and you will get the exact amount of gas that has passed through the meter since last reading. You see, gas meters cannot be turned back, and they must measure their full 100,000 cubic feet before all the pointers stand at "0" again. For this reason it is necessary to subtract the old reading every time the meter is read in order to get the

amount used since the last reading. All this may sound very complicated, but it is really very easy if you will experiment in reading your meter a few times. If housekeepers would learn to read their meters and compare them with their bills they would be sure not to be overcharged .- Chicago News.

His Norrow Escape.

A jolly old steamboat captain with more girth than height was asked if he had ever had any very narrow escapes.

"Yes," he replied, his eyes twinkling, once I fell off my boat at the mouth of Bear creek, and, although I'm an expert swimmer, I guess I'd be there now if it hadn't been for my crew. You see, the water was just deep enough so's to be over my head when I tried to wade out, and just shallow enough"-he gave his body an explanatory pat-"so that whenever I tried to swim out I dragged bottom." -Everybody's.

Little Pleasure in It.

Mrs. Dawdle-Oh, I don't like to go to that store. Shopping there is so unsatisfactory. Mrs. Wise-Why, they have every-

thing you could possibly need there. Mrs. Dawdle-That's just it. No matter what you ask for they can suit von right off .- Philadelphia Press.

Almost any woman will tell you a corset doesn't hurt her, because she never laces tight.



made no effort to follow her, but continued the even tenor of his way, and as far as the world knew, he quickly erased her from his memory. When Summers, the business man,

left his drug store with a courteous good-night to his clerk, he became Gilbert Summers, domesticated, the father and the mother of his little "Sunbeam. Those long and happy evenings Summers spent alone with his child were

The little village where Summers did business did not wonder nor lament when a sign over his drug store announced he was going to move to the city and enlarge his business. They spapped up the bargains he offered and exchanged remarks about the weather, wished him good luck in his new venture, and went back home.

These remarks measured the extent

of his friendship in the village. He had but one friend and that friend stole away his wife. Therefore, Gilbert Summers called no man friend. A mouth later saw Summers estab lished in his new store in the heart of a great city. It represented his entire capital and he dedicated it to his little

He was cold and calculating and